


STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 269

32p



HERO

— THE ULTIMATE GAMESHOW



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STARBLAZER...

THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY



The first full year of Starblazer saw increasing interest from both reader and writer. No fewer than seventeen authors contributed to 1980's quota of stories.

The cover (illustrated) was the second by Ian Kennedy who contributed his talents regularly over the ensuing eleven years.

No.	TITLE	AUTHOR	ARTIST
16	THE SECRET OF SOMA	J. ALBERT	ALCATENA
17	THE CAVERNS OF KORAD	J. SPEER	FERRER
18	ABANDON EARTH	D. BROADBENT	MONTERO
19	THE SINISTER CITY	RAY ASPDEN	OLIVERA
20	DOOMSDAY MACHINES	D. DIXON	ORTIZ
21	ROBOT REBELLION	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
22	THE PIRATES OF VEGA III	G. P. RICE	SAROMPAS
23	SLAVESHIP OF SMALA	D. BROADBENT	NAVARRO
24	AVENGING ANGEL	J. ALBERT	ALCATENA
25	GALACTIC SHOOTOUT	R. CARTER	SAICHMANN
26	ALIEN CONTACT	R. CARTER	ORTIZ
27	DRIFTERS OF DARGA	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
28	LAST MAN ON EARTH	G. MORRISON	K. ROBSON
29	THE MOONSTEALERS	W. WEBB	ALCATENA
30	THE POSITRONIC CANNON	C. SMELBOURN	FERRER
31	STARSTRIKE	R. ASPDEN	ALCATENA
32	MACHINE MASTER	M. CHAMBERLIN	ALCATENA
33	THE LOST PLANET	R. TUFNELL	CARRASCO
34	THE SEAS OF SAMOR	J. RADFORD	ORTIZ
35	LORD OF DARKNESS	R. TUFNELL	PINO
36	DEATHSHIP	S. NEED	ALCATENA
37	THE PLANET CRACKER	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
38	THE SEEDS OF DOOM	ALAN ROGERS	ALAN ROGERS
39	THE OVERLORDS OF OETAIR	W. CORDEROY	ORTIZ

HERO

THE ULTIMATE GAME SHOW

Stardate 2320.72 Combat log of Captain Hal Kohl. Location: Persephone — a heavenly name for a planet that is HELL, especially if you're a Terran soldier deep behind enemy lines. We located the remnants of the patrol no problem — the trouble was how to get them out.



PERSEPHONE WAS A COLONY IN A QUIET BACKWATER OF THE GALAXY — UNTIL THE ZAARD ESTABLISHED A BEACH-HEAD ...

HERE THEY COME!
DEFENSIVE POSITIONS —
RAPID FIRE!

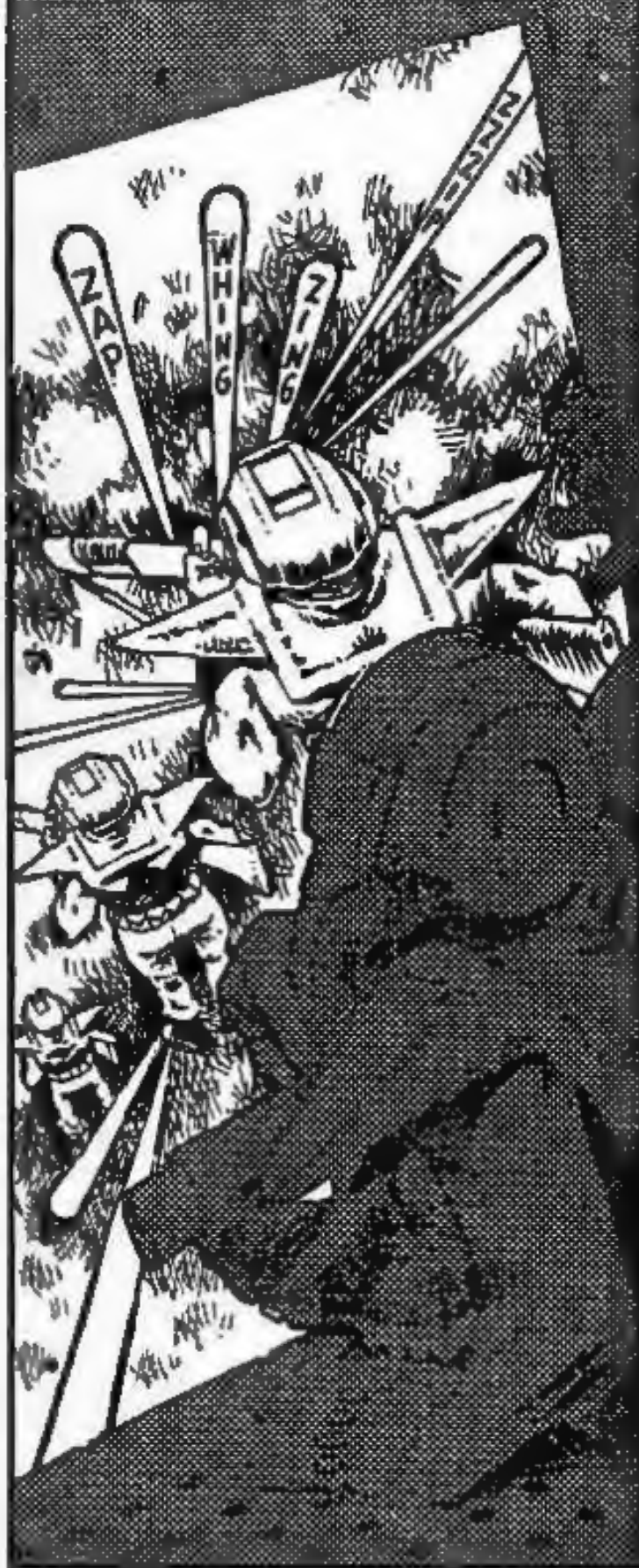
SUDDENLY THE PLACE WAS ALIVE WITH THE BRUTES ...

TOO MANY OF THEM!

A SHIP! COMING OUR WAY FAST.

HANG ON, CAPTAIN.
THE CAVALRY IS
NEARLY WITH YOU!

SUDDENLY IT WAS RAINING TROOPERS. SALVATION MAYBE, BUT ICY FINGERS TOUCHED HIS SPINE AT THE SIGHT OF THEM... A PREMONITION...?



STAND BACK, CAPTAIN — THE REAL SOLDIERS ARE HERE!



THE ZAARD WERE ROUTED, BUT MOMENTS LATER HAL WAS INTRODUCED TO THE REINFORCEMENTS. HIS HEART SANK TO HIS BOOTS AND KEPT ON GOING...



MEET THE NEW RECRUITS,
CAPTAIN KOHLI

ANDROIDS!

HE HAD WONDERED WHY THE JUMP HADN'T KILLED THEM... NOW HE KNEW EXACTLY WHY.



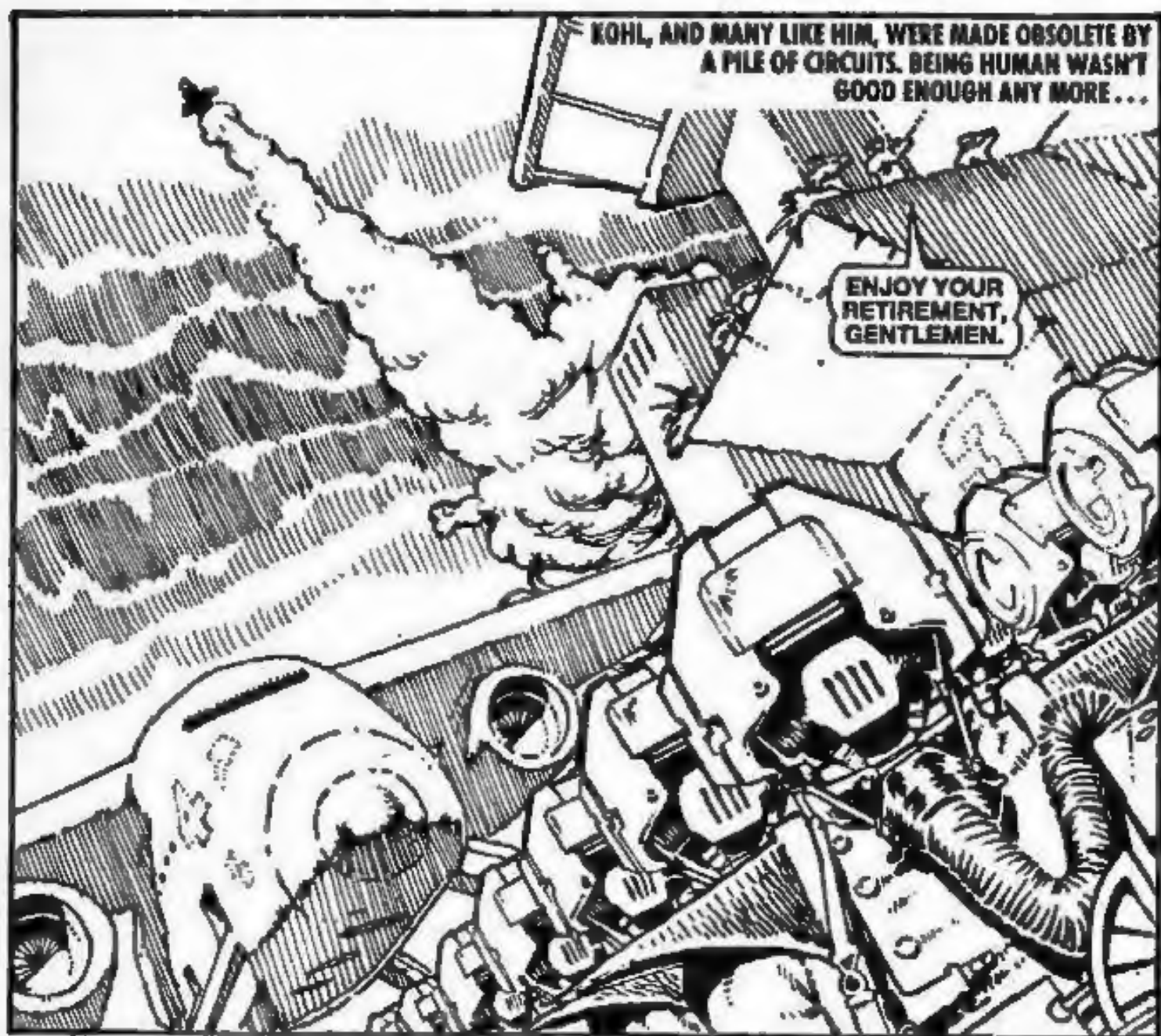
G.I.A.N.T. TROOPERS
CAPTAIN — GENERAL ISSUE
ARMoured NEUTRON
TROOPERS! WITH THESE WE
CAN WRAP THIS WAR UP IN
NO TIME —

DON'T EXPECT ME TO
COMMAND THESE FREAKS,
GENERAL.



WE DON'T, KOHL. FRANKLY,
YOU ARE PAST YOUR BEST.
YOU'VE MORE THAN DONE
YOUR BIT. NOW IT'S TIME
TO PUT YOUR FEET UP.
TIME TO GO HOME!

MY STARS — I'M BEING
PUT OUT TO GRAZE . . . !



KOHL, AND MANY LIKE HIM, WERE MADE OBSOLETE BY
A PILE OF CIRCUITS. BEING HUMAN WASN'T
GOOD ENOUGH ANY MORE . . .

ENJOY YOUR
RETIREMENT,
GENTLEMEN.

Stardate 2327.50. Terra Prima was the centre of a trading empire spanning all of known space. VID PROGS dominated the lives of those who lived in its vast cities — the people insatiable in their appetite for sensation...



YOU'RE KITTED OUT AND
READY TO GO, JAK TOMZ. IT'S
TIME TO "MEET YOUR
FATE!"

HECK! HE'S DRAWN BLADE
AS HIS ADVERSARY. HE'LL
NEVER LAST THE TWO
ROUNDS TO COLLECT HIS
1,000 CRED\$ SURVIVAL
BONUS!

YET THERE WERE PEOPLE IN THIS JUNGLE OF CONCRETE AND PLASTIC WHO HAD OTHER VALUES.



THE AUTUMN CHILL BRINGS LEAF FALL IN THE PARK. I'LL SAVE THE PARKDROIDS THE JOB OF CLEARING THEM UP — THEY MAKE GOOD COMPOST FOR MY PLANTS.

I LAUGHED UNTIL I CRIED WATCHING MEET YOUR FATE LAST — HOLD IT ...

HALT, CITIZEN. WE ARE EMPOWERED TO SEARCH YOU AND YOUR BELONGINGS FOR STOLEN PROPERTY AND WEAPONS. WHAT'S IN THE BAG?



DEAD LEAVES IF YOU MUST KNOW. PRICELESS TO A GROWER LIKE MYSELF.



WHAT'S THE POINT IN GROWING STUFF?


THE SECURITY MEN CHECKED HIS I.D. IT WASN'T A CRIME TO BE OFF YOUR TROLLEY THEY DECIDED.

HE'S WEIRD BUT HARMLESS.

DO NOT TOUCH

HAL KOHL, VETERAN OF THREE PLANETARY WARS CONTINUED HIS SCAVENGING THROUGH THE CITY, AND FINALLY WENT HOME.

HAL KOHL HAD WORKED CEASELESSLY TO TRANSFORM THE ROOF OF THE TOWER BLOCK IN WHICH HE LIVED INTO A FLOURISHING GARDEN.



THE LEAVES YOU HAVE GATHERED WILL DECOMPOSE TO MAKE GOOD COMPOST, HAL. YOU WORK SO HARD FOR OUR PLANTS, MY DEAR.

IT'S WORTH IT, JEN. THE SYNTHI-NUTRITION MUCK MOST PEOPLE EAT IS POISON.

THE MONEY I GET BARELY KEEPS THIS ROOF OVER OUR HEAD. OUR HEALTH — OUR SURVIVAL — DEPENDS ON EATING GOOD, WHOLESOME FOOD.

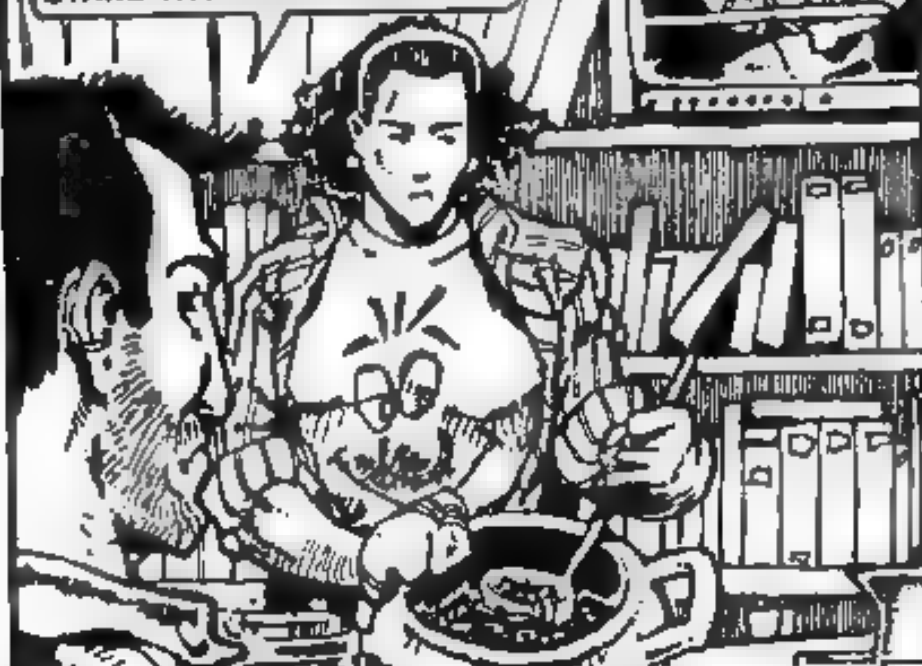
AND IN THE
PLANTS
SOMETHING
STIRRED—



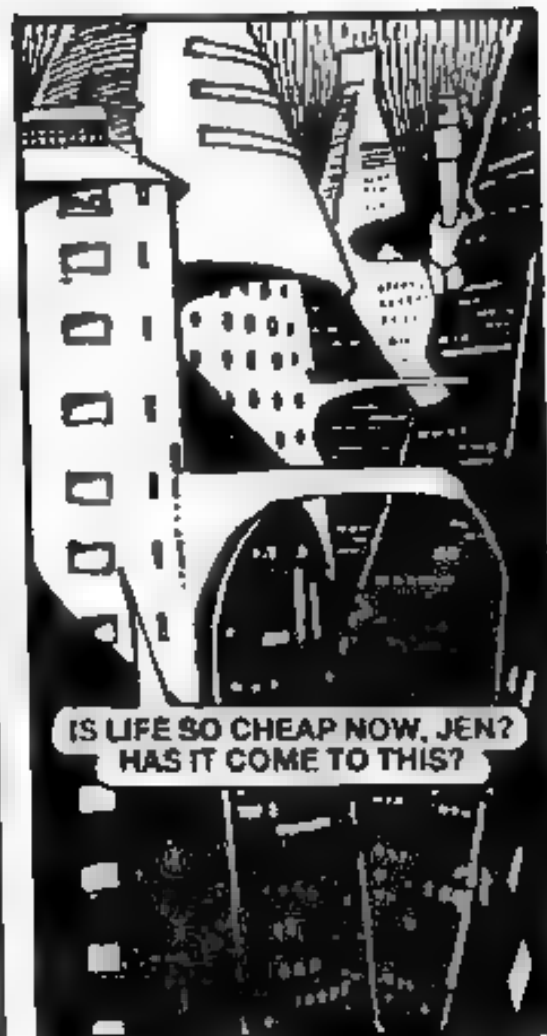
LATER, AS THEY SETTLED DOWN TO THEIR MEAL.

ENTER THE MAZE OF DEATH. BIG RISKS
FOR BIG, BIG, BIG PRIZES.

TURN IT OFF, JEN. I CAN'T
STAND THOSE PROGRAMMES!

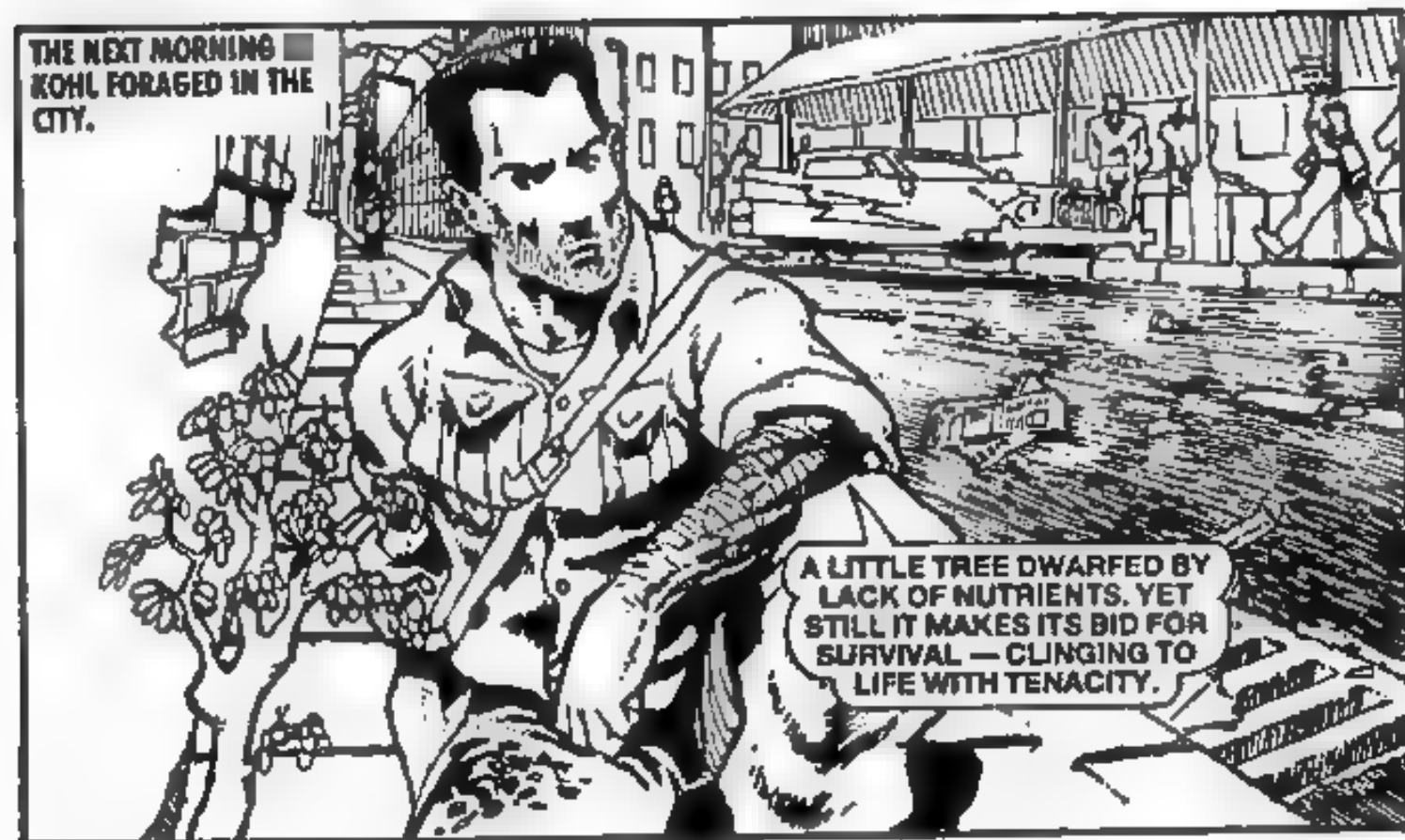


DURING THE WARS HE RISKED HIS LIFE BECAUSE THERE WAS NO
CHOICE — BECAUSE IT WAS HIS DUTY. BUT TO PUT A LIFE ON
THE LINE FOR A GAME SHOW? IT MADE HIM SICK!



IS LIFE SO CHEAP NOW, JEN?
HAS IT COME TO THIS?

THE NEXT MORNING
KOHL FORAGED IN THE
CITY.



A LITTLE TREE DWARFED BY
LACK OF NUTRIENTS. YET
STILL IT MAKES ITS BID FOR
SURVIVAL — CLINGING TO
LIFE WITH TENACITY.





KOHL REACTED INSTINCTIVELY. THOUGH DULLED BY THE INTERVENING YEARS HIS COMBAT-HONED REFLEXES SERVED HIM WELL.

AAARGH!

YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT, SCUM!

VIOLENCE THE ONLY LANGUAGE YOU UNDERSTAND. BOYS? NO PROBLEM — I SPEAK IT FLUENTLY!

AIIEE!

WE'LL GET YOU, MISTER.

I WAS ONCE A MAN OF WAR, BUT THESE HANDS ARE FOR GROWING NOW — NOT FIGHTING ...



BUT THE NOISE THEY MADE WAS HEARD
BY JEN KOHL IN THE APARTMENT BELOW,
AND—

OH MY — WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?



LATER, WHEN KOHL RETURNED HOME.

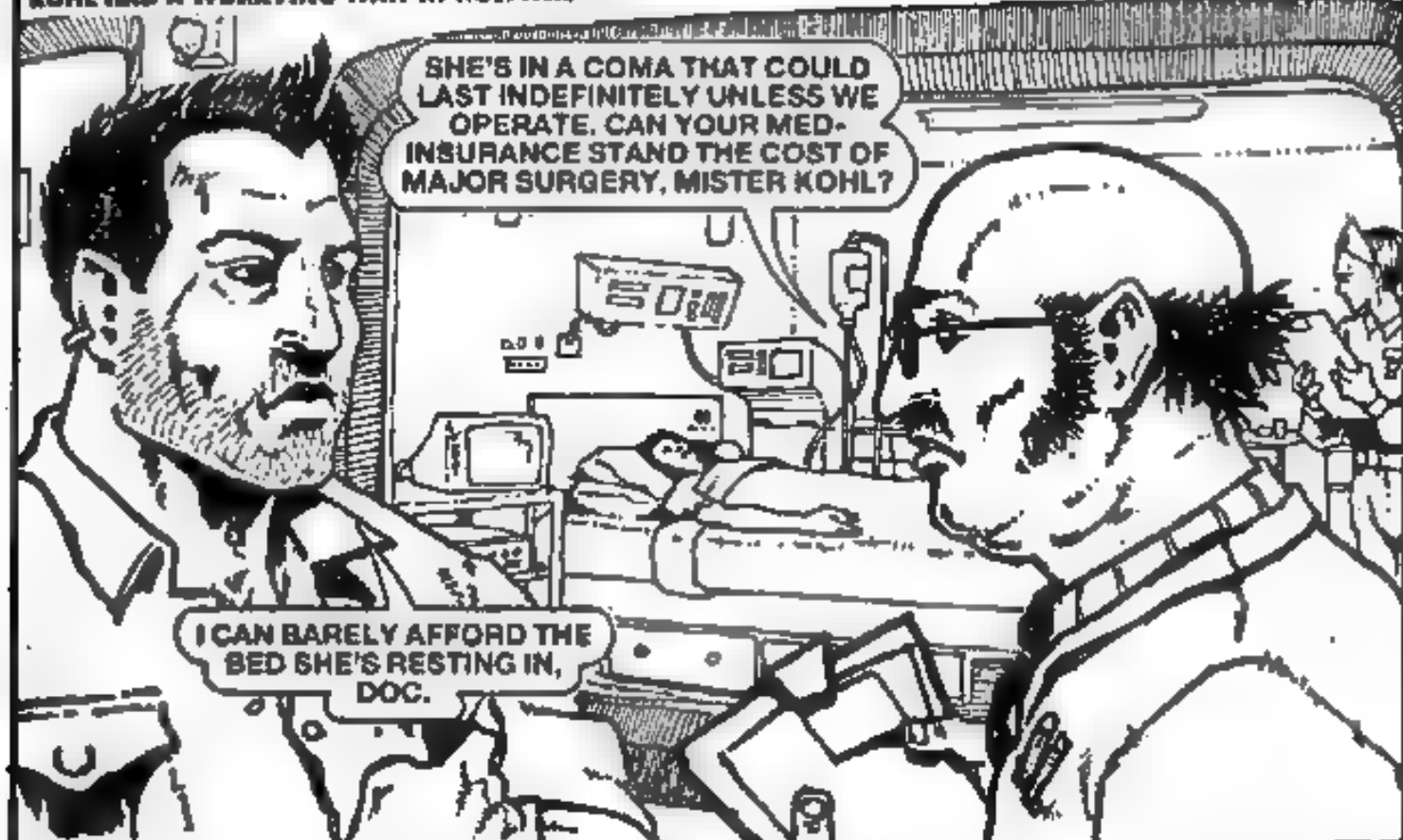
BY THE
STARS — JENI



NO, JENI!
NOOO!



KOHL HAD A WORRYING WAIT IN HOSPITAL —



KOHL TRIED EVERY BANK FOR A LOAN ...
THEY ALL SAID "NO".

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP
ME. I NEED A LOAN! IT'S
A MATTER OF LIFE AND
DEATH!

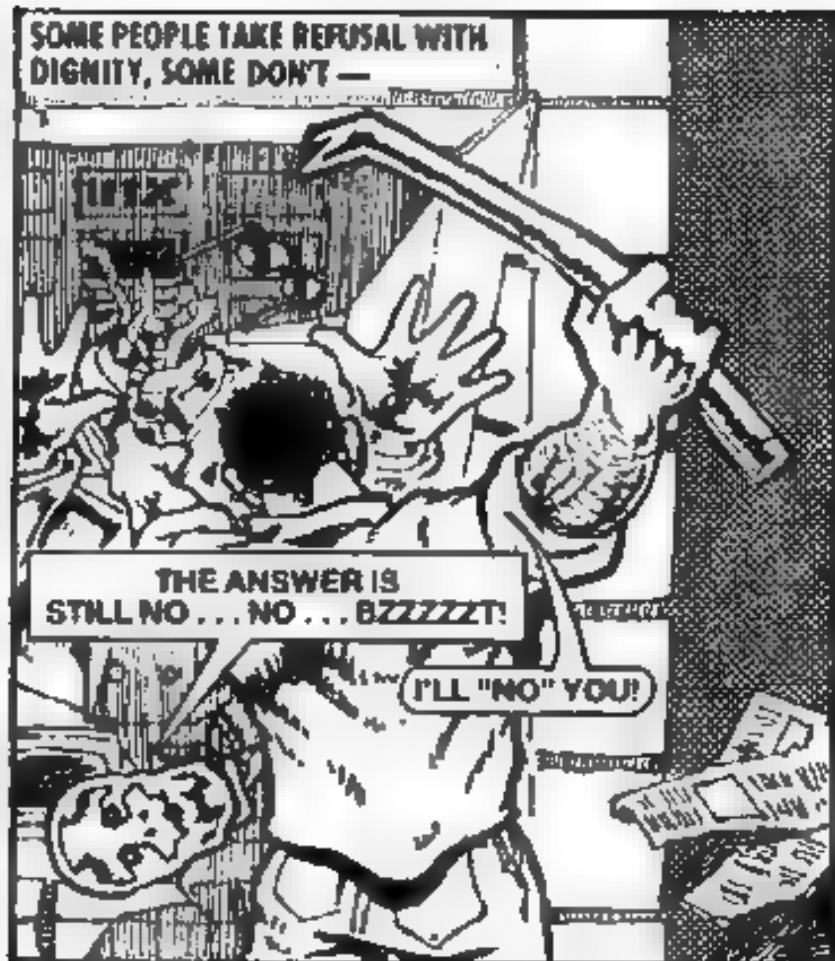
SORRY, SIR. YOU HAVE NO
CREDIT CLEARANCE. NO
CREDIT CLEARANCE, NO
LOAN. NEXT, PLEASE!



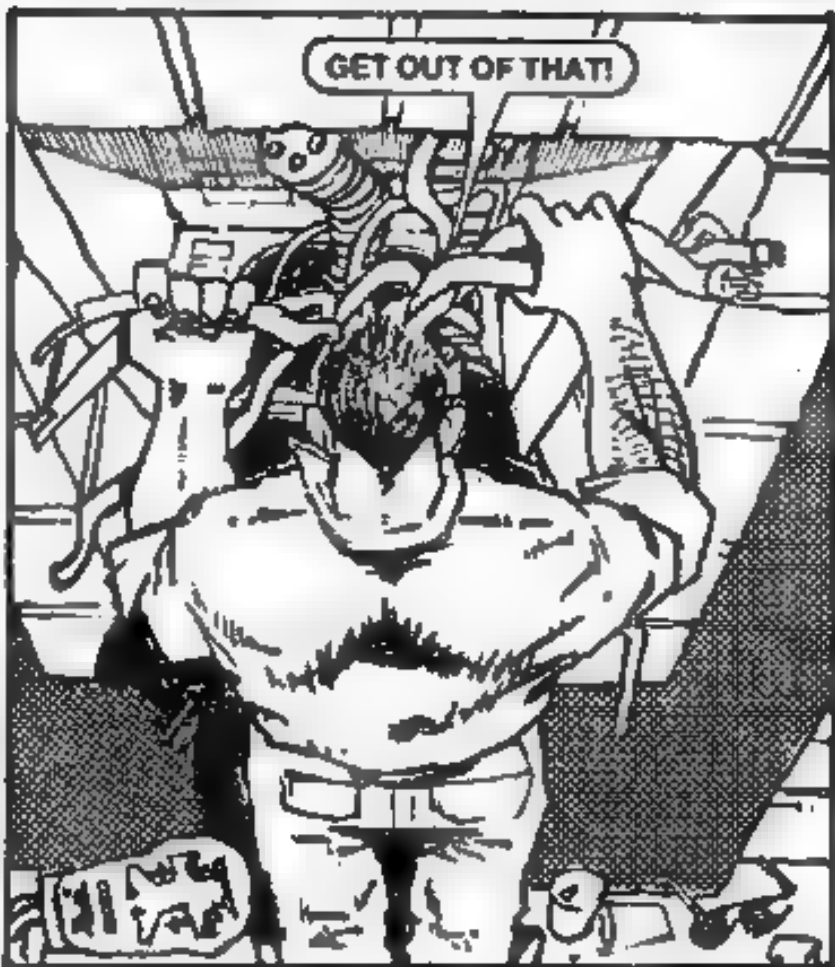
SOME PEOPLE TAKE REFUSAL WITH
DIGNITY, SOME DON'T —

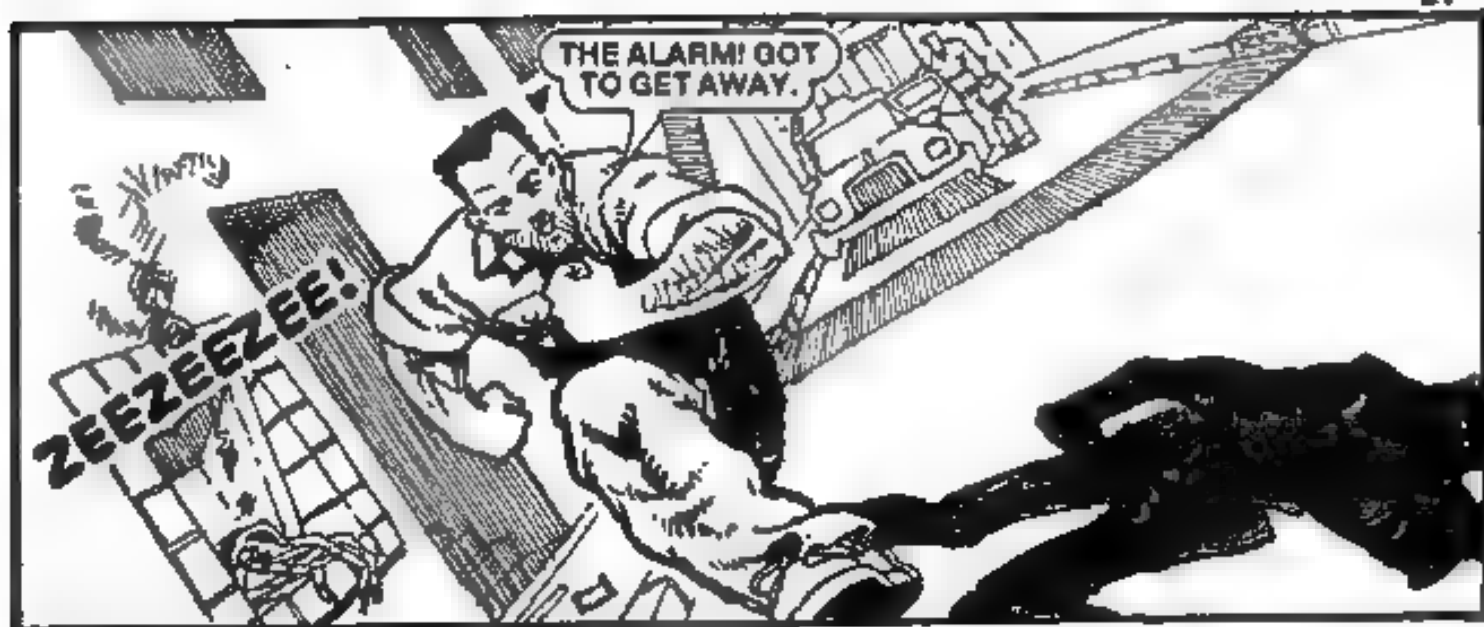
THE ANSWER IS
STILL NO ... NO ... BZZZZT!

I'LL "NO" YOU!

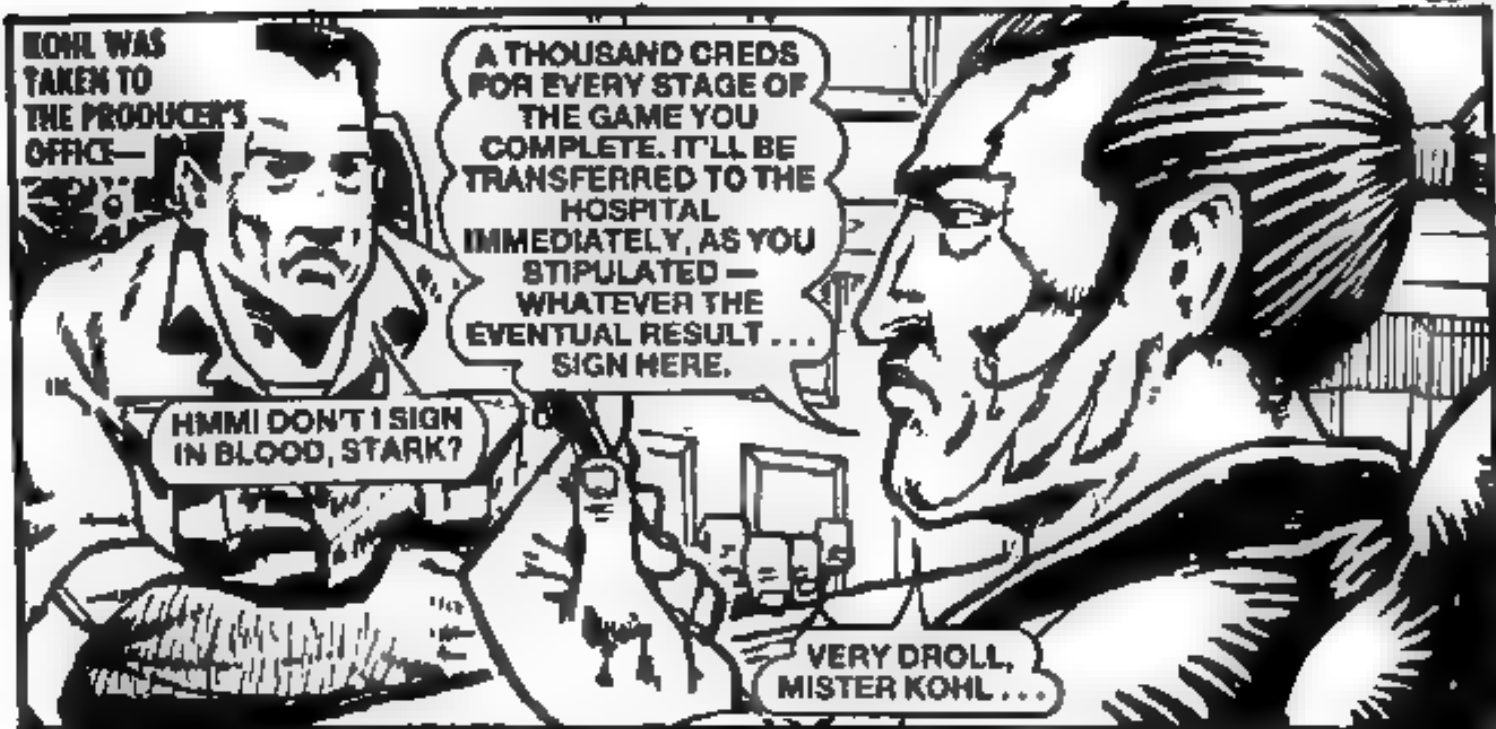


GET OUT OF THAT!

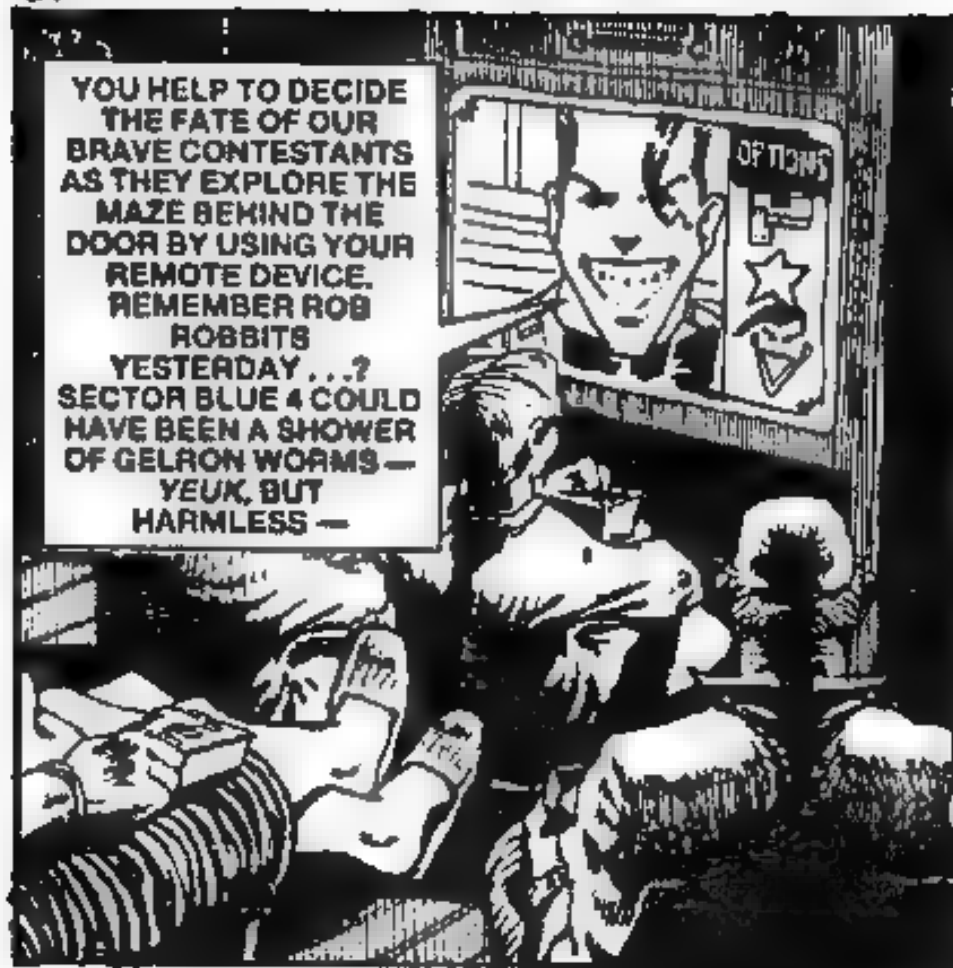




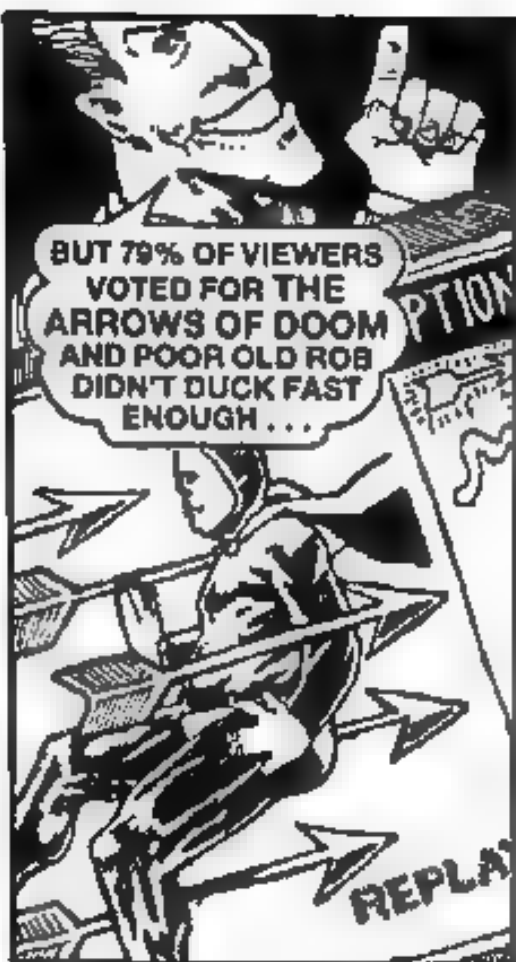




YOU HELP TO DECIDE
THE FATE OF OUR
BRAVE CONTESTANTS
AS THEY EXPLORE THE
MAZE BEHIND THE
DOOR BY USING YOUR
REMOTE DEVICE.
REMEMBER ROB
ROBBITS
YESTERDAY...?
SECTOR BLUE 4 COULD
HAVE BEEN A SHOWER
OF GELRON WORMS —
YEUK, BUT
HARMLESS —



BUT 79% OF VIEWERS
VOTED FOR THE
ARROWS OF DOOM
AND POOR OLD ROB
DIDN'T DUCK FAST
ENOUGH...



BUT HE DID WELL, FOLKS, SURVIVING
THREE STAGES. HE RAN OUT OF
WHATEVER IT TAKES TO BE A HERO!



NOW COME WITH ME,
VORT VERGIG,
TO MEET TONIGHT'S
CONTESTANTS WHO
ARE EAGER TO AMAZE
YOU. HA! HA!

AND, AS THE SHOW'S HOST WENT THROUGH THE PRELIMINARIES, THE TECHNICIANS WHO CONTROLLED THE GAME FROM BEHIND THE SCENES PREPARED THE MAZE FOR ACTION.

THAT KOHL GUY ...

YEAH. KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. THERE'S CERTAINLY A MEAN LOOK TO HIM. SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'S GONNA BE ONE HECKUVA CONTESTANT!

FINALLY, THE GAME BEGAN ...

GIVE THEM A BIG HAND, FOLKS. ON MY RIGHT, HAL KOHL, AND HERE ON MY LEFT BISLEY BRUTE. RIGHT GENTS, ON YOU GO!

I WON'T FAIL YOU, JEN ...

WHICH DOOR? OUR FIRST CHOICE — APART FROM WHETHER WE STICK TOGETHER ...

SUIT YOURSELF. JUST DON'T GET UNDER MY FEET ...

KOHL LED THE WAY, CHOOSING A DOOR AT RANDOM. BUT AS THEY CROSSED THE THRESHOLD...

YEEARGH!

WHAT IN THE STARS...?

THEY PLUNGED DOWN THE WINDING CHUTE INTO THE BOWELS OF THE BUILDING.

BY MY RECKONING WE'RE RELATIVELY SAFE FOR THE MOMENT. WIPING US OUT AT THE START WOULD BE BAD TV...

ROUTE TO CAVERN. GRADE 1 HAZARD OPERATIONAL...

MOMENTS LATER.

WHERE ARE WE...?

INSIDE ONE OF THE
MANY ARTIFICIAL
ENVIRONMENT
CHAMBERS THIS
BUILDING HOUSES.
THIS RIDICULOUS
COSTUME IS
COMING OFF!

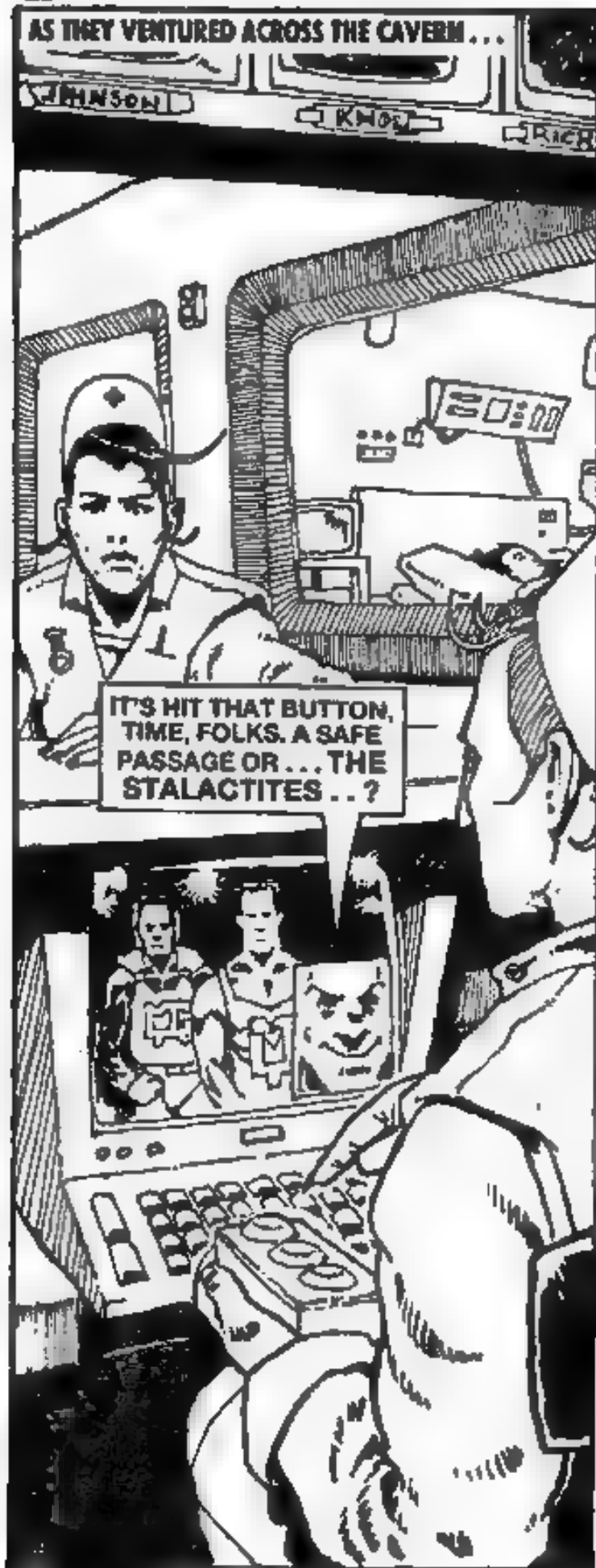
KOHL RIPPED THE COLOURFUL
COSTUME FROM HIM.

IF I'M GONNA DIE THEN IT'LL
BE WITH DIGNITY — NOT
LOOKING LIKE SOME KINDA
CLOWN...

THEY'RE NOT GOING
TO LIKE IT...

SO WHAT?

AS THEY VENTURED ACROSS THE CAVERN...



MILLIONS OF VIEWERS MADE THEIR CHOICE, THEIR VOTES BEING PROCESSED BY THE MULTI-GAME MASTER COMPUTER, TO BRING —





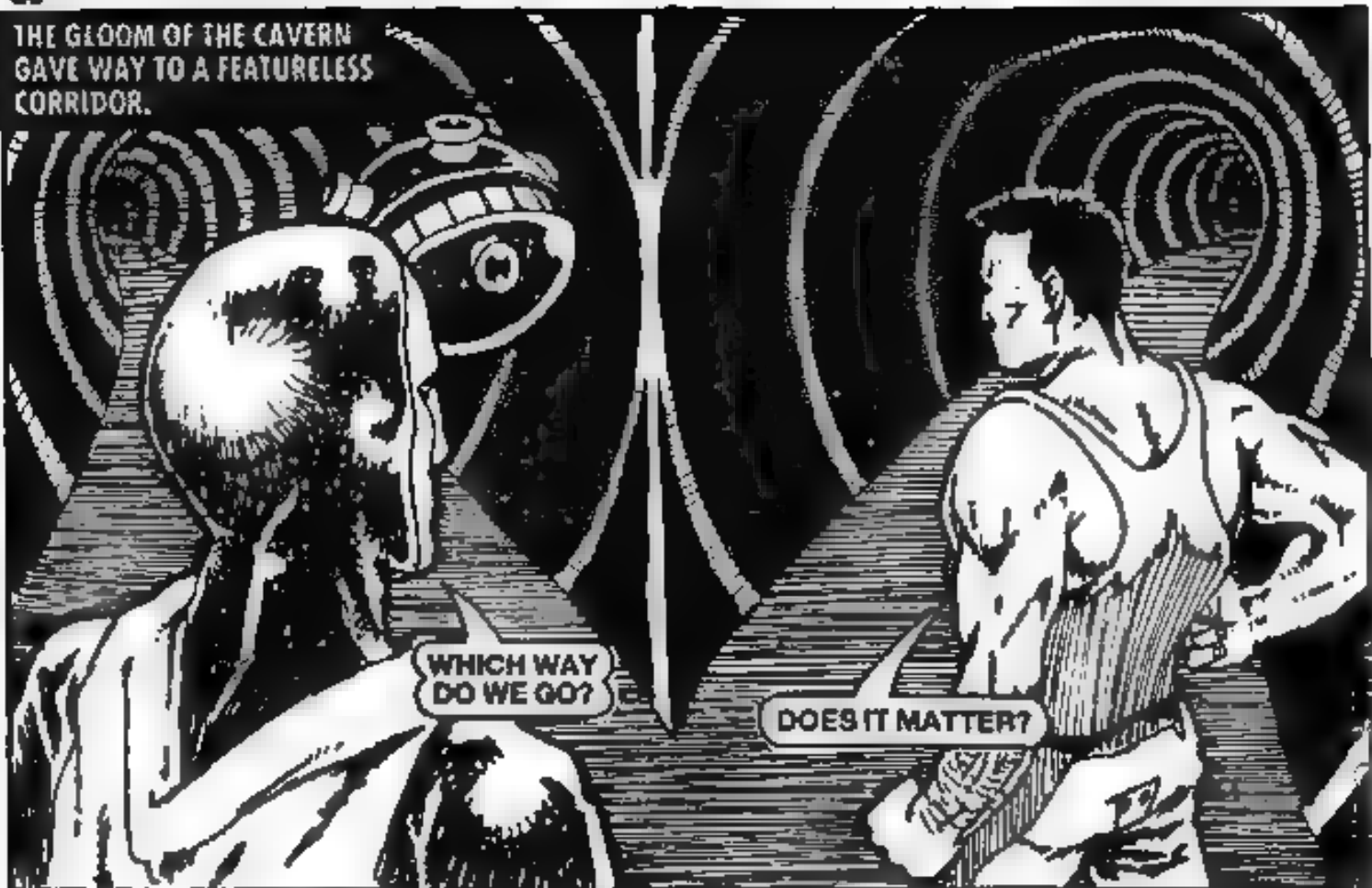
THEY SCRAMBLED AWAY FROM THE DANGER AREA.

PAH! THAT WASN'T
TOO HORRENDOUS!



DON'T KID YOURSELF, SON.
THAT LITTLE SURPRISE WAS
INTENDED JUST TO WARM
THINGS UP. WE AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING YET!

THE GLOOM OF THE CAVERN
GAVE WAY TO A FEATURELESS
CORRIDOR.



AS THEY HEADED DOWN
THE RIGHT HAND TUNNEL.





HERO—THE ULTIMATE
GAME SHOW.

THEIR PATH HAS TAKEN
THEM TO GORG, FOLKS. A
MASTER OF THE MARTIAL
ARTS. THE HUMAN
WEAPON!

AS THE GIANT LASHED
OUT AT KOHL —


HE'S FORMIDABLE. GOT TO
PROBE FOR WEAKNESSES
— IF HE HAS ANY ...

BUT —



I CRUSH YOU LIKE THE
INSECT YOU ARE! HA! HA!

OOF!



KOHL BOUNCED
OFF THE
WALL —

THAT THIN PARTITION
WALL BEHIND ME. I
WONDER...

GORGO MOVED IN FOR THE KILL.

23
BUT A LAST SECOND SWAY
CAUSED GORGO TO MISS—

DIE!

YOU'RE GOOD, BUSTER,
BUT TOO MANY EASY
VICTORIES HAVE DULLED
YOUR EDGE.

GORGO
OVERBALANCED,
STRUGGLING TO
FREE HIS LEG FROM
THE WALL, AND —

SWEET DREAMS, UGLY!

THE MONSTROUS MAN SHUDDERED AND LAY STILL.
THEN, KOHL WENT TO HELP HIS COMPANION.

THEY DID IT, FOLKS.
TWO STAGES
COMPLETED — TWO
THOUSAND CRED\$!

CAN YOU HEAR ME OUT
THERE, VERGIG? GET
THOSE CRED\$ TO THE
HOSPITAL. EVERY SECOND
COUNTS!

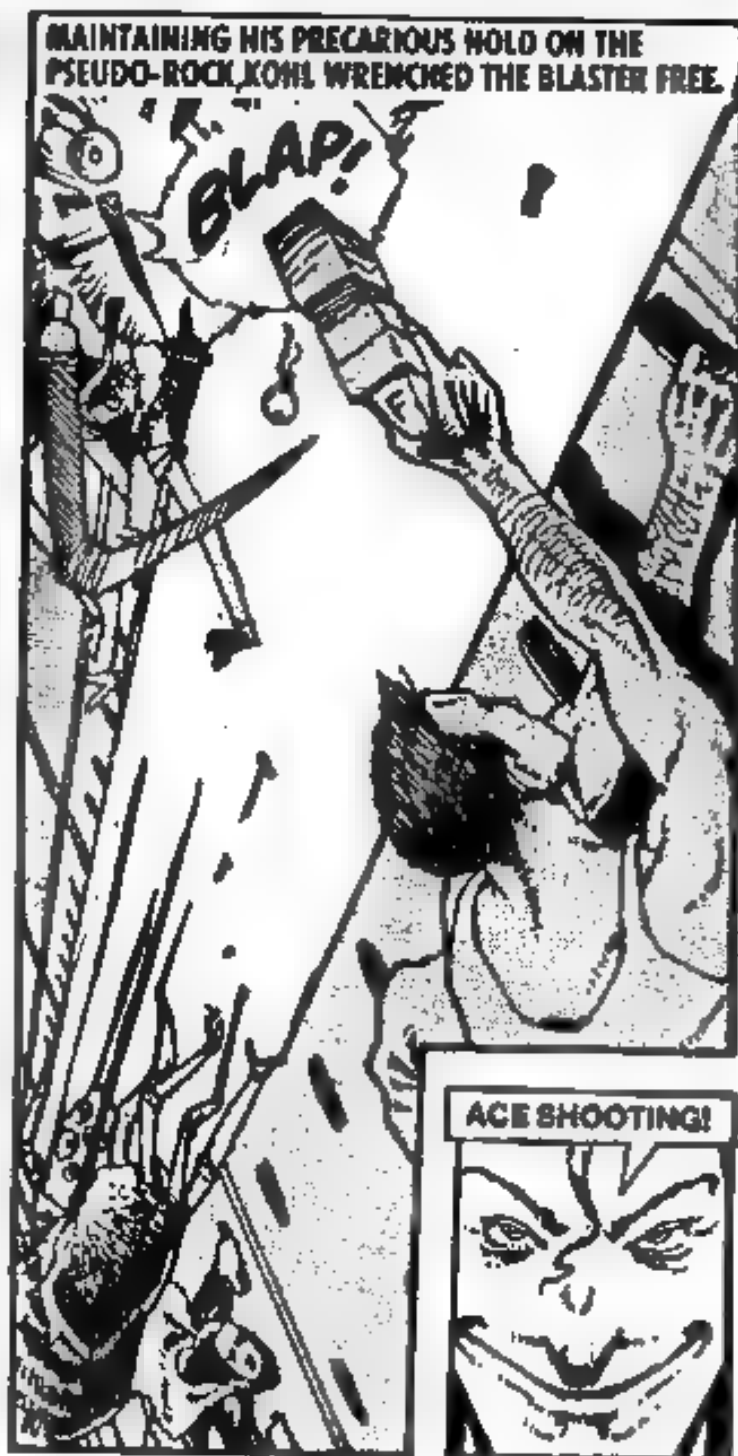
KOHL AND BURTE MOVED
ON THROUGH THE MAZE.

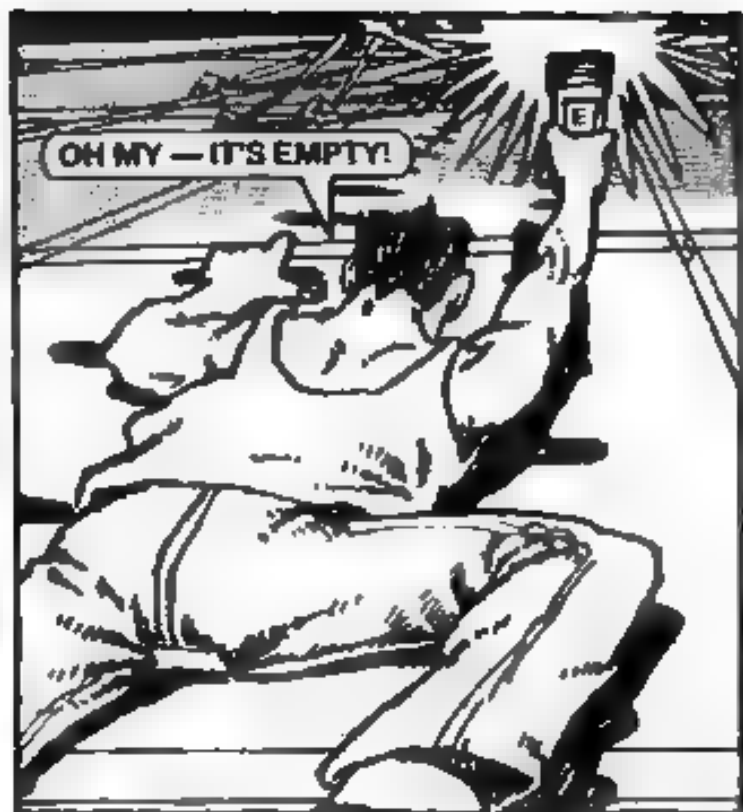
AIN'T IT TOUCHIN'.
THAT KOHL GUY
PUTS HIS LIFE ON
THE LINE FOR HIS
LADY LOVE. WHAT A
MUG, HA, HA.

SUCH COMMITMENT TO
ANOTHER PERSON IS RARE
THESE DAYS, PENN. AS I
SHOULD KNOW...









SECONDS LATER KOHL
WAS PLUNGING DOWN
THE FACE OF THE CLIFF—

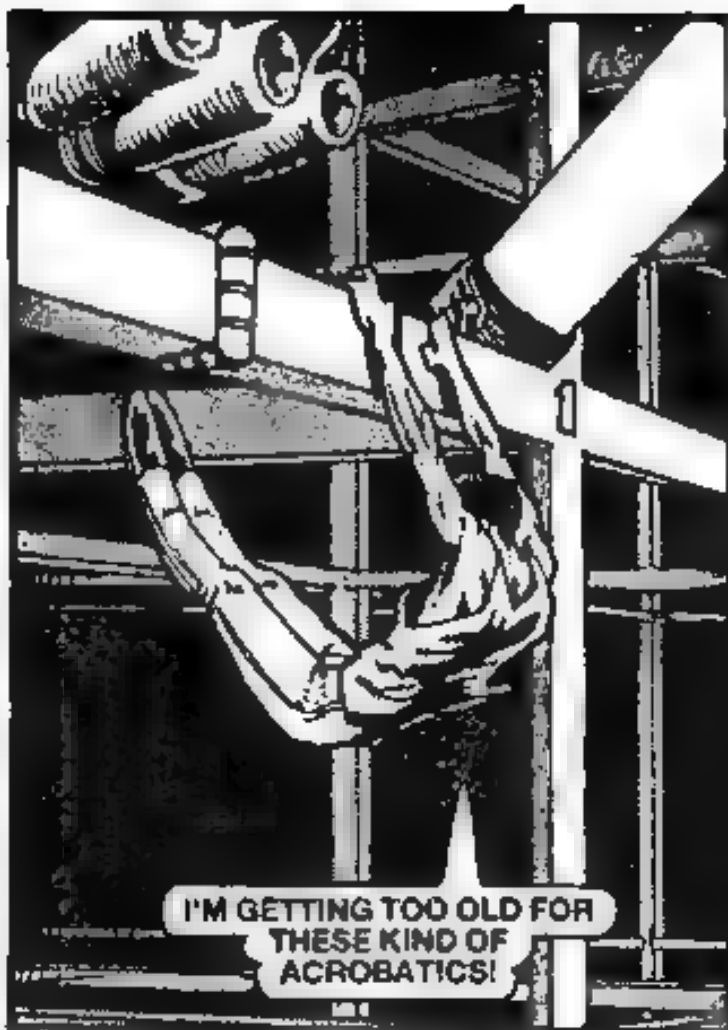


PENNY'S SNEER DIED ON HIS FACE AS KOHL CRASHED
DOWN ON THE SPIDER WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT.

TIME TO SCREW UP
A FEW CIRCUITS!



THE PARALYSED
ROBOT FELL, TAKING
KOHL WITH IT.



I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR
THESE KIND OF
ACROBATICS!

MOMENTS LATER—



GET THE CREDITS
ACROSS TOWN,
CREEPS!



THIS GUY'S GOOD,
MISTER PENN...



MAYBE HE'S TOO
GOOD, ZEENA. STAND BY
FOR FURTHER
INSTRUCTIONS...

THE GAME CONTINUED ...



THEM, AS KOHL AND BURTE ENTERED A DARKENED CHAMBER, TO BE CONFRONTED BY A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF VORT VERGIG.

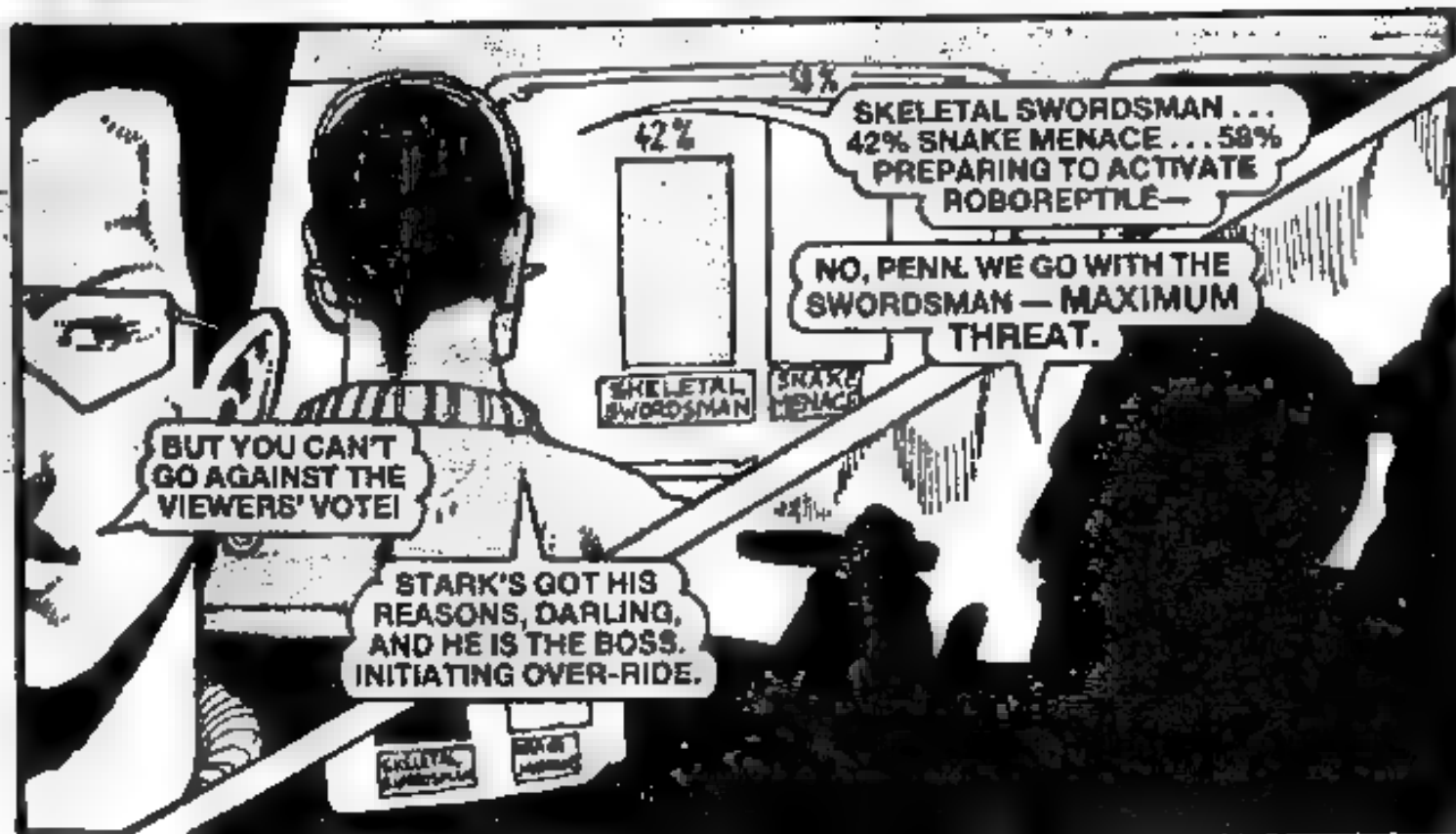
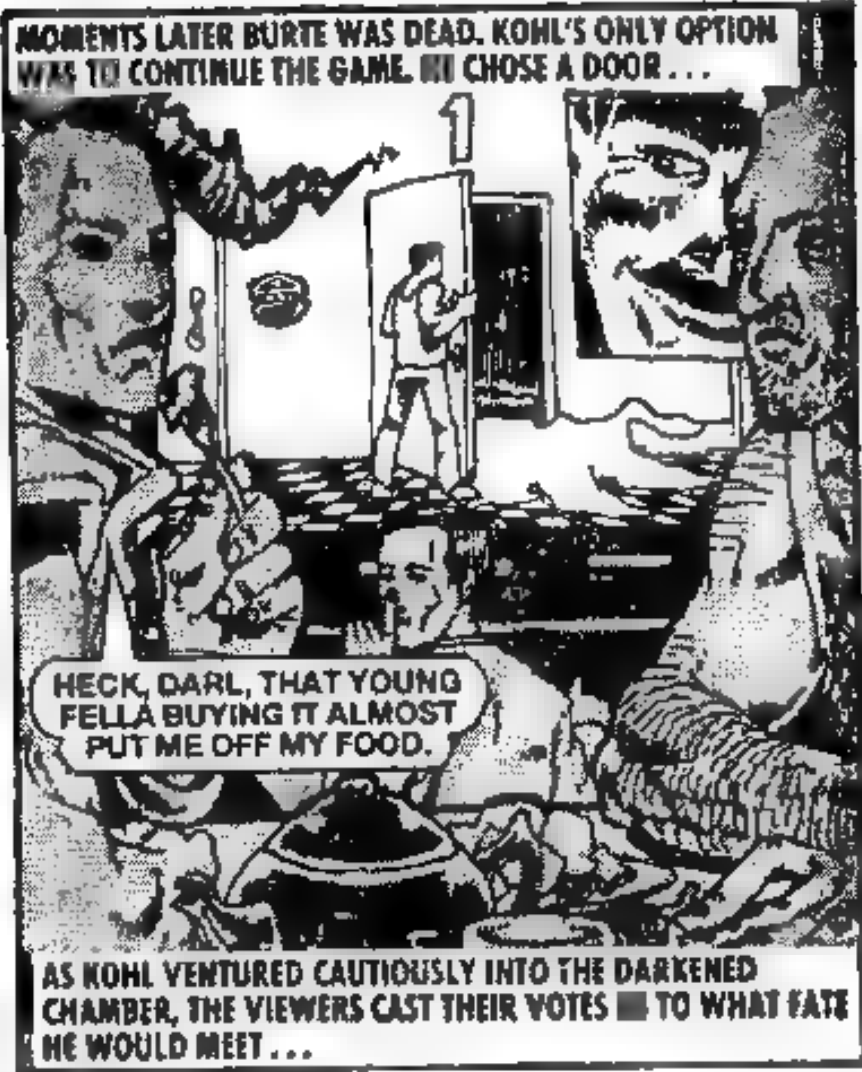
WELCOME TO THE ROOM OF THE FIVE DOORS, GENTLEMEN. AT CERTAIN POINTS IN THE GAME YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE TO EXIT FROM THE MAZE — SAFE — RICH. PICK A DOOR ...

THANK THE STARS ...

LET'S THINK ABOUT THIS, BURTE!

LOOK! SEE THE WAY HE TRIED TO HIDE THIS DOOR — IT'S THE SAFE ONE! COME ON ... AAAAARGH!?

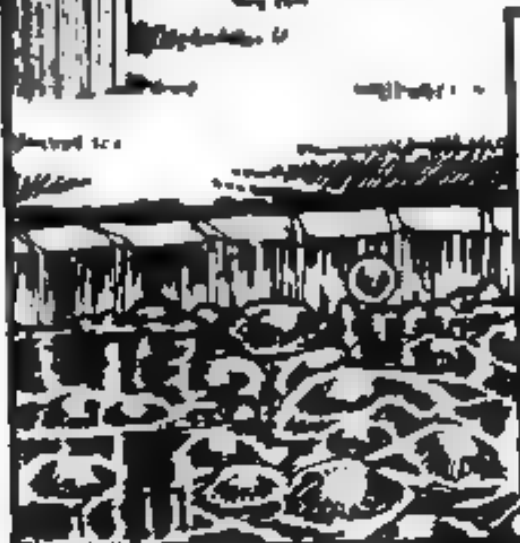
FATIGUED AND PANICKY, BURTE HAD OPENED THE DOOR ON A HUGE CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY ... HE HAD OPENED THE DOOR TO HIS DEATH!



CHILL FINGERS GRIPPED KOHL'S SPINE AS HE WATCHED A SINISTER SHAPE EMERGING FROM THE POOL ...

OH MY ...

A SWORD GRIPPED IN ITS GRISLY HAND, THE SKELETAL WARRIOR STEPPED DRIPPING OUT OF THE POOL AND ADVANCED ON KOHL ...



I'VE NO WEAPON.
I'M DEFENCELESS ...

AS KOHL RETREATED FURTHER INTO THE DIM RECESSES OF THE CRYPT ...

TWO OF THEM!!



THE FIGURE REMAINED
MOTIONLESS AND HE
REALISED THAT IT WAS
ONLY A STATUE WITH
SOMETHING HE COULD
MAKE GOOD USE OF...

A SWORD... THAT
WOULD HELP!

NOW I'VE AT LEAST GOT
A FIGHTING CHANCE.

SOON THE CRYPT ECHOED WITH THE SOUND
OF STEEL BLADE AGAINST BLADE...

SUFFICIENT CREDITS HAVE
COME THROUGH FOR US TO
COMMENCE SURGERY. I'M
CONFIDENT SHE'LL MAKE
IT!

THAT'S MORE THAN I
CAN SAY FOR HIM!



AS KOHL CRASHED TO THE FLOOR—



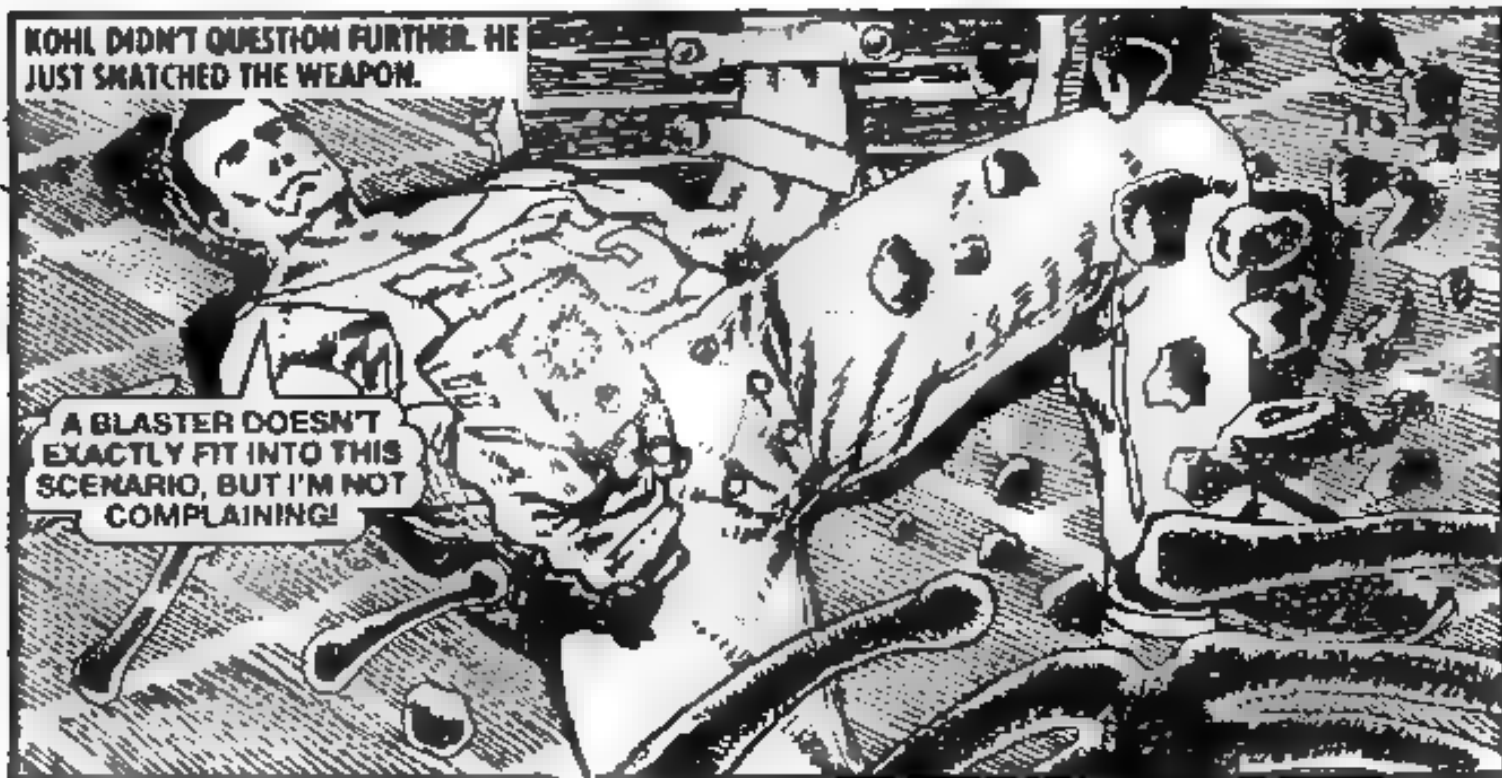
LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR KOHL, MY DEAR. IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A NICER GUY! HAI HAI



JUST THEN, AS KOHL WAS INCHES FROM DEATH, A SMALL HATCH SLID OPEN.

WHAT THE ...? AM I DREAMING? A BLASTER!

KOHL DIDN'T QUESTION FURTHER. HE JUST SNATCHED THE WEAPON.



A BLASTER DOESN'T EXACTLY FIT INTO THIS SCENARIO, BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING!

BUT OTHERS WERE!

WHAT THE DEVIL
HAPPENED. PENN? HOW
DID THAT BLASTER GET
THERE?

S... SOME KIND OF
MALFUNCTION, I
SUPPOSE. WE'RE
CHECKING IT
OUT...



CHECK THE
PROGRAMMING —
CHECK THE AUXILIARY
CIRCUITS — CHECK
EVERYTHING!

YOU CHEATED, BOYS.
BUT WE CAN ALL PLAY
AT THAT GAME. KOHL
DESERVES A FAIR
CHANCE AND I'M GOING
TO MAKE SURE HE
GETS IT!

UNAWARE OF THE FRANTIC ACTIVITY
BEHIND THE SCENES KOHL MOVED OUT OF
THE CRYPT TO FIND HE WAS FACED WITH
AN EXIT...

I'M THROUGH —
THE GAME'S OVER!

WAY-OUT

HE'S MADE
IT, FOLKS!

AS KOHL SPRINTED FOR FREEDOM...

I MADE IT, JEN. I'M
COMING FOR YOU...!

THE TRAP-DOOR,
PENNI!

GOT YOU,
MISTER STARK...

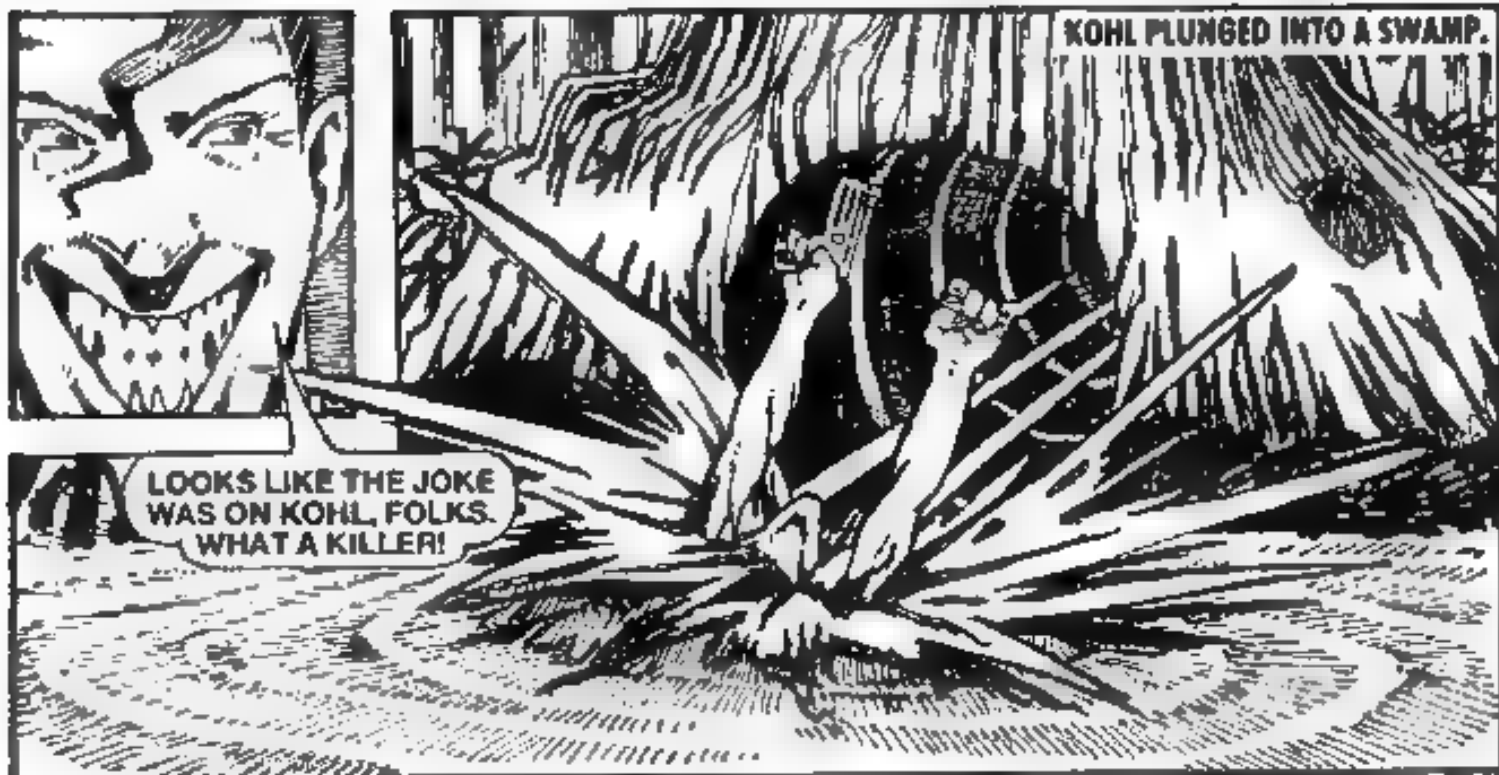
SURPRISE, SURPRISE!
HAI HAI

AARGH! NOOOO!



LOOKS LIKE THE JOKE
WAS ON KOHL, FOLKS.
WHAT A KILLER!

KOHL PLUNGED INTO A SWAMP.



FLOUNDERING IN THE STINKING SWAMP, KOHL CAME ACROSS A BATTERED AXE. BY THE TIME HE STRUGGLED BREATHLESSLY TO THE SURFACE HE WAS ANGRY, VERY ANGRY, SPITTING MAD.

YOU DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSING SWINE. SOMEONE'S GOING TO PAY ...



AND SO, IN PRIMEVAL WORLD, THE NIGHTMARE CONTINUED ...



OVER-RIDE ALL VIEWER PARTICIPATION, PENN. HIT HIM WITH ALL THE OPTIONS!



AS HE WADED THROUGH THE MISTY SWAMP KOHL FOUGHT OFF CREATURES, PERFECT ROBO-REPLICAS OF MONSTERS FROM A VARIETY OF HOSTILE WORLDS.



IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES, BOYS.
TASTE BLASTERFIRE!

WHAT A BATTLE. WHAT CARNAGE!
WOW! THIS'LL BOOST OUR RATINGS!



HE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH
LONGER, NO MATTER HOW
GOOD HE IS. THEY'LL
OVERWHELM HIM...

CHEW ON
THAT, UGLY!

ZEENA'S FEARS WERE JUSTIFIED, FOR MOMENTS
LATER A LIGHT ON KOHL'S BLASTER WARNED
HIM THE WEAPON WAS DISCHARGED.

FAR AWAY, A GUARDIAN WAS AT WORK.



I'LL EVEN THING UP A BIT.

AN ENTRANCE HATCH
OPENING — I BET IT'S MY
GUARDIAN ANGEL.

SWOOSH!

WHAT IN THE MOONS OF
HADES IS GOING ON,
CRETINS?



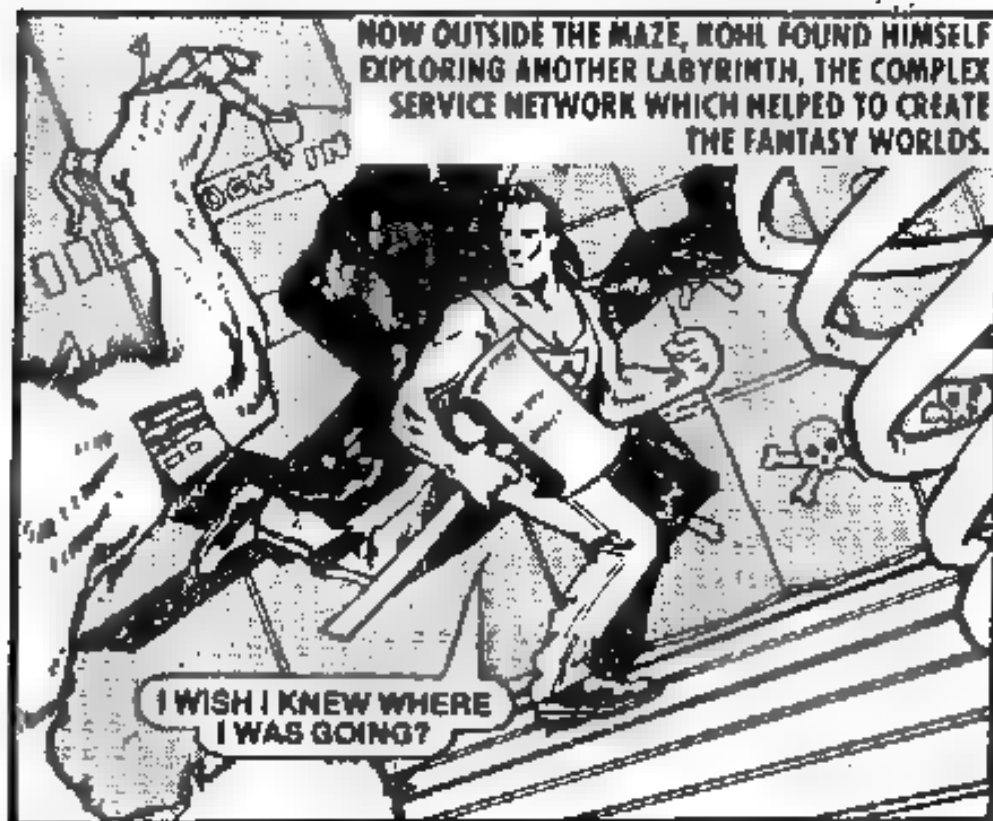
STARK WAS
DEWILDERED—

A... ANOTHER
MALFUNCTION, MISTER
STARK.

I WONDER...



NOW OUTSIDE THE MAZE, KOHL FOUND HIMSELF EXPLORING ANOTHER LABYRINTH, THE COMPLEX SERVICE NETWORK WHICH HELPED TO CREATE THE FANTASY WORLDS.



I WISH I KNEW WHERE I WAS GOING?



WE - ER - HAVE DEVELOPED A SLIGHT TECHNICAL HITCH, FOLKS. PLEASE STAY TUNED ...

IN THE CONTROL ROOM —

HE GOT RAN, MISTER STARK. THEN DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR WITH HIS WEAPON ...



THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH. THE GAME IS OVER FOR KOHL. THIS IS NOW A SECURITY PROBLEM. DEPLOY THE G.I.A.N.T. ARNIE 3000!

SEEK KOHL ... AND DESTROY HIM.

INTRUDER ALERT

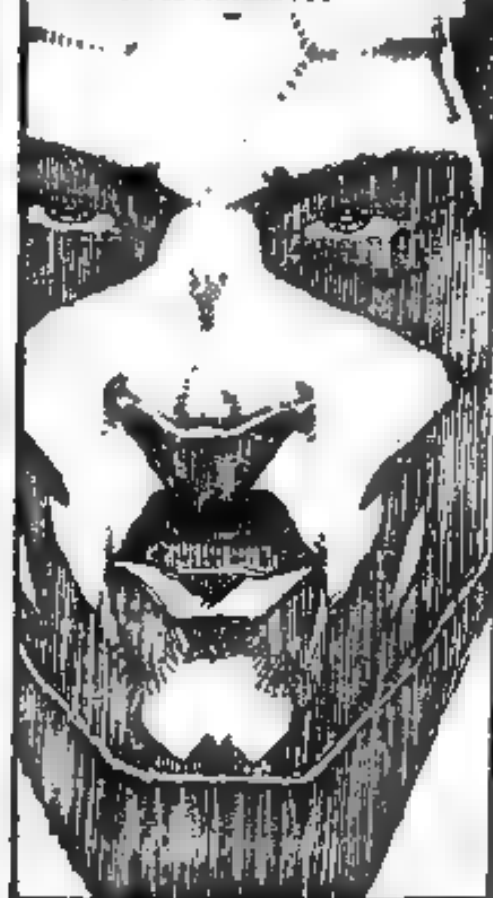


YOU'RE BEYOND MY HELP NOW, HAL KOHL. I'M SORRY ...

STARK'S SECURITY MEN WERE ORDERED OUT OF THE DANGER AREA LEAVING KOHL TO MOVE UNHINDERED THROUGH THE COMPLEX. WELL, NOT QUITE UNHINDERED...



FOR A SPLIT SECOND KOHL WAS BACK ON PERSEPHONE, THOSE ICY FINGERS OF DREAD ON HIS SPINE ONCE AGAIN...



SO YOU GUYS FOUND YOUR WAY TO CIVVY LIFE AS WELL, EH? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS WE MEET LIKE THIS...



KOHL SLAMMED THE BULKHEAD DOOR AND SECURED IT.



THAT MADE A LOT OF DIFFERENCE!

KOHL BEAT A HASTY RETREAT UP AN ACCESS SHAFT.

THAT ARMOUR IS 98% PROOF AGAINST A LIGHT BLASTER. HITTING ONE SPOT WITH ALL I'VE GOT IS MY ONLY HOPE ...

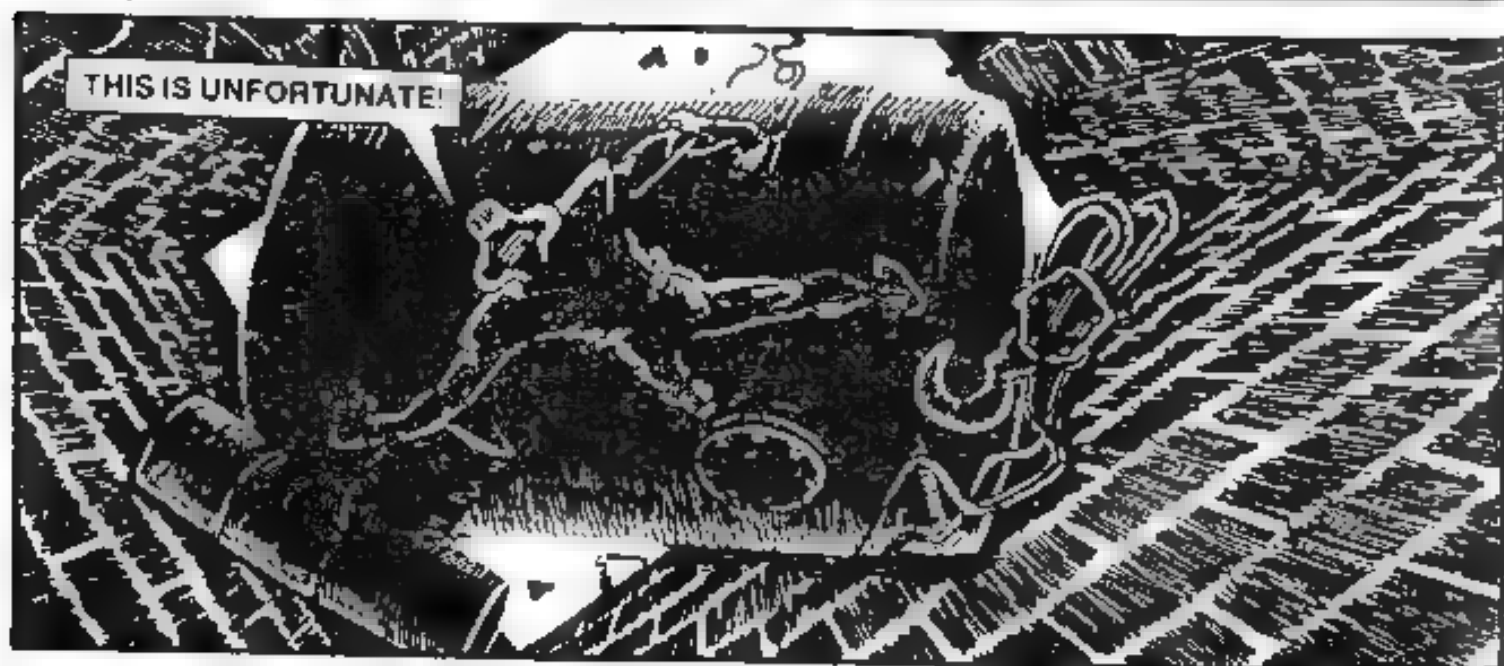
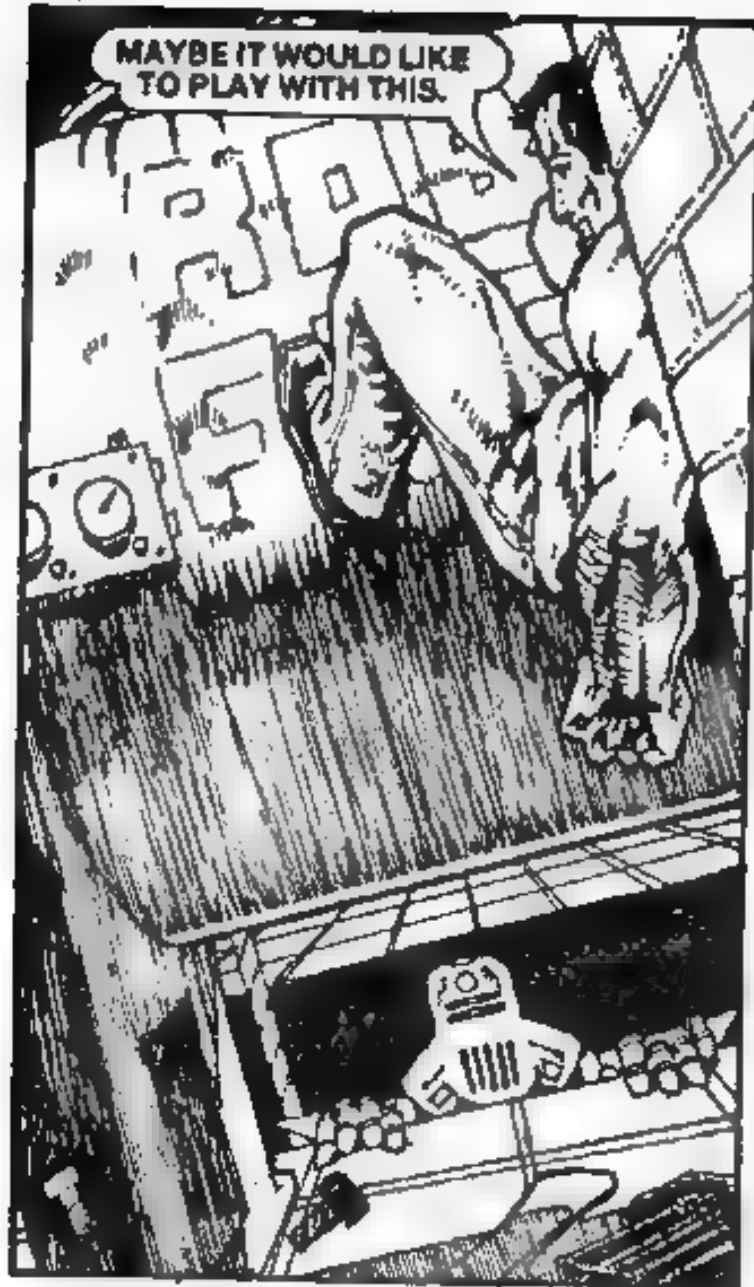


YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, KOHL

KOHL REACHED THE TOP, STILL FAR FROM SAFETY —



IT'S TAKING ITS TIME — PLAYING WITH ME!



THE DUST CLEARED.

NICE MOVE, KOHLI

IT'S DAMAGED AND PINNED
DOWN. NOW'S THE TIME TO ZAP
IT TO BLAZES!

BUT EVEN AS KOHL
POURED ON THE
BLASTER POWER —

BY THE STARS!
IT'S FREE!



KOHL RETREATED, HIS MIND RACING,
SEARCHING FOR A FINAL SOLUTION.

HOW DO YOU STOP
SOMETHING THAT'S
UNSTOPPABLE?

FUEL OIL?

LET'S SEE HOW IT LIKES A
DIESEL BATH.

KRUMP!

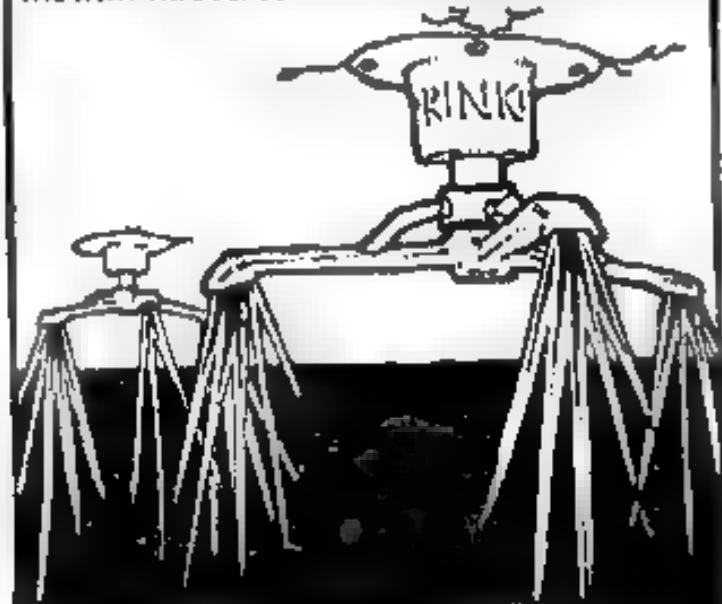
KOHL IGNITED THE FUEL AS
THE G.I.A.M.T. STEPPED INTO IT.

THERE'S NO
ESCAPE, KOHL!

WHUMP!

HERE'S A WARM RECEPTION
FOR YOU, PAL!

THE HEAT TRIGGERED THE FIRE-FIGHTING SYSTEM.



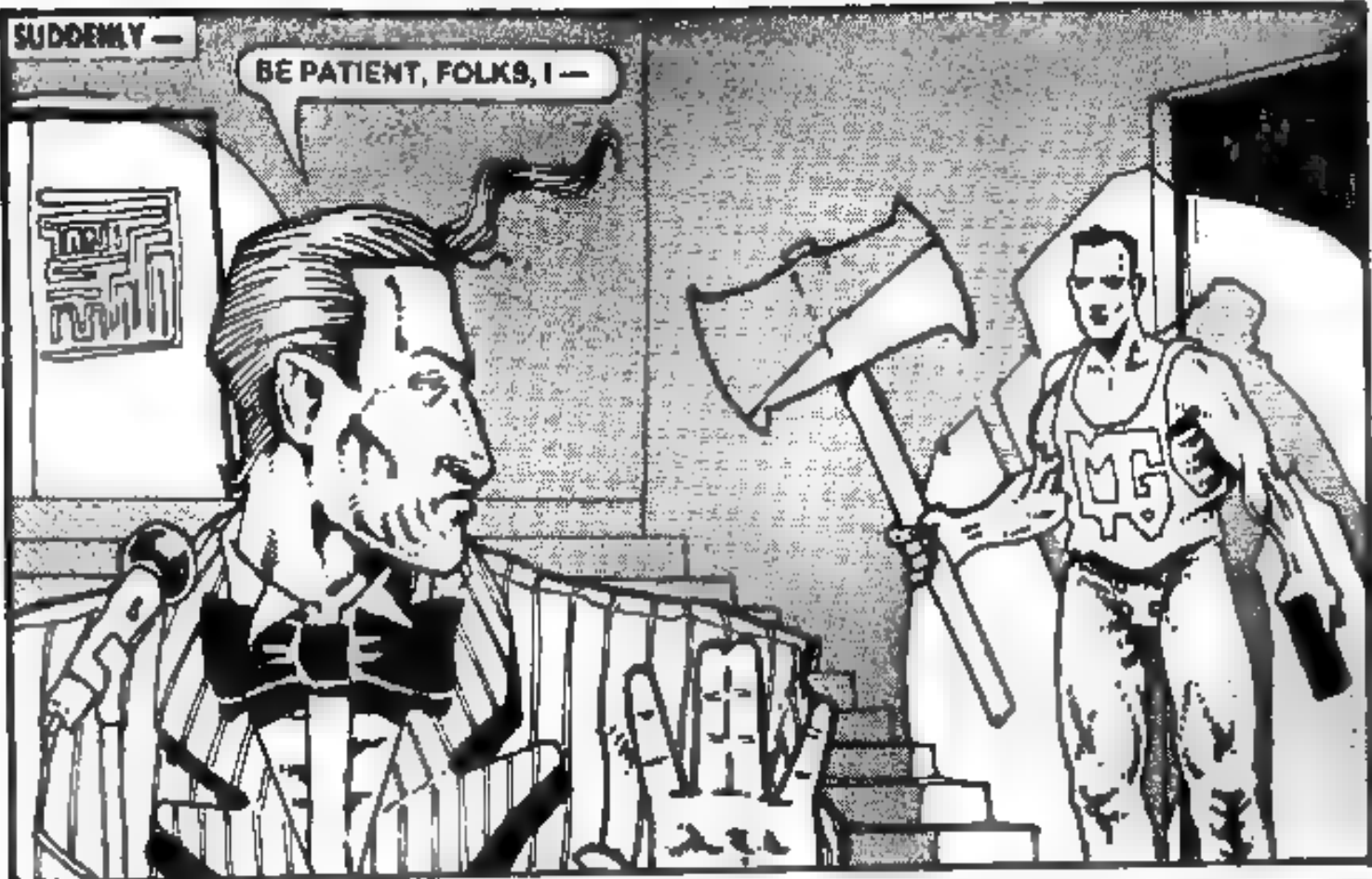
OH, NO!





SUDDENLY —

BE PATIENT, FOLKS, I —





KOHL LEAPED INTO ACTION, DRIVEN BY BLIND INSTINCT.

QUIT FOLLOWING
ME, CREEP!

OUCH

CHANG!

SWISH!

NOOO! ARGH!

THIS WAY!

I SHOULDN'T HAVE
DONE THAT — NOW IT'S
ACTIVATED ITS BUILT-
IN SELF-DESTRUCT
SEQUENCE. IT'LL TAKE
HALF THIS PLACE WITH
IT!

THE AUDIENCE OF HAND-PICKED PSYCHO
BECAME A PANIC-STRICKEN MOB.



HELP ME, VERGIGI GET
IT OFF ME!

NO CHANCE —
I'M OFF!

BUT VERGIG DIDN'T GET VERY FAR.



KERWHUMP!

BUT KOHL AND HIS COMPANION HAD MANAGED TO GET CLEAR OF THE BLAST AREA.

YOU WERE MY GUARDIAN ANGEL! LOOKS LIKE I OWE YOU ONE, LADY. OR MAYBE SEVERAL.

I OWE YOU PLENTY, MISTER KOHL. LOOKS LIKE TOO MANY OF US LEFT THE OLD VALUES BEHIND SOMEWHERE ... I'M GLAD I FOUND THEM AGAIN. GOODBYE!

JEN REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AFTER HER LENGTHY AND EXPENSIVE OPERATION.

W ... WHERE AM I? WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?

IN HOSPITAL! I'VE BEEN DOING A BIT OF TV WORK. IT'S A LONG STORY ...

Diary of Hal Kold.

Location — Rainbow's End.

With the money left from that wretched show we bought a few days at a pretty expensive rest home. It's only a few days, but at least it's a haven of sanity in this crazy world.



**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 258

32p



OUTWORLD WAR



NOW ON SALE

HERO

— THE ULTIMATE GAMESHOW

He was a battle-hardened star trooper fighting for freedom on the edge of the galaxy. It was the soldier of the future that needed no feeding, acted on its own initiative and was proof against every modern weapon. He, was Hal Kohl, and it was a General Issue Android Neutron Trooper (GIANT). Hal had been replaced, made redundant by technology. But it was that very technology which would prove to be the answer to his financial prayers in a deadly game shown live on prime time TV.



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